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Providence Independent

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Persistent in the Right; Fearless in Opposing Wrong.

VOLUME 15.

COLLEGEVILLE, PENN'A., OCTOBER 31, 1889.

WHOLE NUMBER, 749

A TURN OF FORTUNE.

When Harry Radcliffe married Coquette Carson it had been a genuine love-match, Coquette was one of a large family of dewy-eyed, rose-lipped girls, whose faces were their fortunes. At all events, other fortunes they had none. And the other five sisters secretly envied Coquette when the handsome young artist took her away with half a dozen new gowns, a box of initialed pocket handkerchiefs, and a new bonnet fresh from the little milliner's around the corner.

To be sure, Harry was not rich, but it was only a question of time, argued the five sisters, how soon he should be famous as Meissonier, rich as Croesus. An artist like him was sure to succeed.

"And what fun it would be to visit Coquette when she should be rich and famous!" cried the five, in chorus.

"I haven't much faith in artists," old Colonel Carson said dubiously. "But Coquette liked the fellow, so what could I say?"

So Harry carried the village beauty off to his studio at the top of the Wycherly building where the walls were painted terra-cotta color, the doors draped with gorgeous Oriental stuffs, and every corner filled with picture-que tables, high-shouldered Japanese vases and quaint folded screens.

"How do you like it, darling?" he cried exultantly.

"It's beautiful," Coquette answered, with a shy, side long glance at the dummy, which, dressed in Maria Antoinette costume, leaned up against the corner of the wall, as if Maria Antoinette had too much to drink. "But I thought, Harry, that it was a suite."

"So it is!" cried the young artist, pulling aside a sage-green drape, with daddies of Pompeian red plush. "And here's the bed room."

"I should call it an alcove, Harry."

"Well, it's plenty big enough to sleep in; and here," opening the door of a tiny, three-cornered nook, "is a dressing room. What could one want more, I should like to know?"

Coquette tried to smile. The old house at home had been so roomy, so capacious! And here, in this cramped-up corner she felt as if she could scarcely breathe.

But Harry was so sure of her sympathy and gratification that she could not utter a word to disenchant him. And she was young and of an adaptive nature.

"Have you many orders, Harry?" said she, glancing around at the pictures in various stages of completion that lined the studio wall.

"Well, no—not many yet. Not any, in fact," he added, laughing and coloring. "But, of course, I shall have plenty one of these days. A man has to work his way up, you know."

"But, Harry—"

"Well?"

"How do you live?"

"Eh?" he questioned blankly.

"Those beautiful Jacqueminot roses on the table, Harry, and the hot-house apricots and nectarines in the gilded basket, and the wicker chair tied with pink ribbons—surely all those things must be expensive?"

He laughed.

"They would be, if I had paid for 'em," said he, "but I haven't."

"Oh, Harry!"

"It's time enough," he said, carelessly. "Those fellows always send in their bills long before one wants 'em. Nobody pays ready money for such things; and I suppose you would be pleased with them."

"So I am dear," cried Coquette, overwhelmed with a sense of her own ingratitude; "and it was so good of you to think of them. But—but we are not rich people—and papa always says that economy is better than wealth—and since you really have no orders as yet, don't you think we ought to be very careful how we spend our money? And, Harry—I have been brought up to manage all the household affairs—if you would only trust me with the purse!"

"So I will, sweetheart," said Harry, with a great, rollicking laugh, "when I get any cash."

"Harry," she cried, haven't you any money left?"

He opened his empty purse, by way of answer, and held it up before her.

"But don't fret, darling," he cried, cheerily. "Business is sure to come in before long."

Nevertheless, Coquette looked at him with startled, grieved eyes. She had always heard that artists were an improvident race, but up to the present time she had never believed it.

"But, of course now that he is married and settled, he will take quite a different view of things," she pondered. "And I have got six new dresses, and all the clothes I shall need for a year at least."

And when she wrote her first letter home to the five sisters, she declared, over and over again, that she was "perfectly happy!"

But as time crept on, and the six new gowns grew shabby, and the trades people clamored for their bills, and no gold-edged orders came in, Coquette's heart failed her, and even Harry began to look unwontedly grave.

As if to crown their troubles, poor young Radcliffe fell ill of fever, and life's trials looked Coquette grimly in the face.

But the girl was not easily to be conquered. While she sat by Harry's side, counting the hours between his draughts of medicine, she sewed diligently for a dressmaker a street or so away.

When the good housekeeper came in for awhile every evening, to give her a chance to get a little fresh air, she took her work home, and scoured the neighborhood for a place where she could buy grapes and pairs at something less than ruinous prices, to tempt her husband's capricious appetite.

And one evening, when she returned with an especially fine bunch of Tokay grapes, she found him tossing restlessly to and fro on his pillow, with fresh fever burning his cheeks.

"A letter from Aunt Tabitha, Coquette!" he exclaimed. "She is coming to make us a visit—now, at all times in the world, when the butcher and the baker are taking turns in besieging us, and everything is at the lowest ebb."

"And why not now, Harry?"

"Don't you know?" cried the young man, impatiently. "Aunt Tabby is the one rich relative I've got. She always declares she's going to leave her money to me, because I'm the only member of the family that knows how to make money and save it. She's the most mercenary old creature in the world, and if she once sees what a pass we've come to I know she will never have another word to say to me."

Coquette looked sorrowfully around the studio. Everything that could by any possibility be sold to raise a little money had been sent away. The floor was carpetless, the walls were bare.

"It does look rather poverty-stricken," she reluctantly admitted. "But—but, oh, Harry, when is she coming?"

"Next Thursday afternoon. Only the day after to-morrow."

"Very well, we'll be ready for her," said Coquette, with a long breath.

"But how can we, dearest?"

"You shall see," Coquette answered with an arch nod of her head.

And then there ensued a long council, whispered and intent.

"Jones will help us, and DeKaye and Courtenay—and Spriggings is the best fellow in the world," said Harry.

"And Madame de Plombreri and every one of the sewing girls will lend a hand, I am sure," said Coquette.

"Oh, Harry, I am so glad you are sufficiently recovered for us to try this bold experiment!"

"Tableaux vivants!" said Harry laughing. "We will outfit Aunt Tabby yet—see if we don't. We will make her believe we are the most successful people on the face of this earth."

"As we shall be, one of these days," said Coquette.

All the next day a pleasant confusion reigned in the studio.

Spriggings, a marine painter of no mean pretensions, brought in a half-finished picture of "Moonlight on the Grand Canal at Venice," and established it on his friend's easel; DeKaye stood on stepladders, at the risk of his life, to hang a number of his pretty little fruit and flower glimpses, so that the terra-cotta colored walls should be hidden; and Launcelot Courtenay himself aided in their arrangement; while the housekeeper, assisted by two able-bodied men, brought in the upright piano which belonged to Courtenay's room, together with a pair of marble pedestals, crowned by bronze statues of Mercury and Psyche.

Madame de Plombreri hung the windows with Turcoman draperies and contributed a rich Persian rug; Miss Peck, the forewoman, sent up a china cabinet, four gilt chairs and a whatnot; and the sewing girls contributed pretty articles of bric-a-brac.

And in the midst of this luxury Harry Radcliffe lay on a sofa, with his wife beside him, when Aunt Tabitha Talbot was shown in—a little, shriveled, sharp-eyed woman, with shaggy gray eyebrows and a nose like the beak of a bird of prey.

"Hey! humph! how!" was her greeting. "Upon my word, nephew Henry, I didn't suppose you lived in style like this. Been pretty successful, eh? Sorry to hear you've been sick. Done these pictures all within the year? So this is your wife, is it? How do you do, dear—how do you do?"

She gave Coquette a kiss that tasted very strongly of peppermint lozengers, and seated herself while Coquette touched a hand bell, and Madame de Plombreri's youngest "hand," dressed out in a frilled white cap, with pink ribbons, and a ruffled white apron reaching to the hem of her dress, brought in a tea on a silver-plated tray.

"Have a cup of tea, dear aunt, and Mary Ann will take your hat and shawl," said Coquette.

"How many girls do you keep?" said Aunt Tabby, who was a perpetual series of interrogations, but who, fortunately did not stop talking long enough for her questions to be answered. "Harry must sell a lot of pictures to keep up this sort of thing—eh? I always said that Harry was the genius of the family. And you married well, Harry? Well, I'm glad!"

The door opened, and a stout, elderly gentleman entered with a great bustle.

"I've called in to look at this marine picture," said he. "Hope I don't intrude!" with a bow toward the ladies, "but I am exceedingly anxious to secure this for an out of town customer of mine who is collecting a gallery. What do you ask for it, Radcliffe? Come, put it at the lowest price. I'll give a thousand for it, and won't give a penny more."

"You're too late," said Harry, with a chuckle. "Bonstettin has ordered it at twelve hundred."

"Twelve hundred!" exclaimed the picture dealer—"Bonstettin! he shan't have it. I'll say fifteen hundred!"

"I'm sorry but it was painted expressly to order for him."

"Couldn't you duplicate it?"

"I never duplicate any of my pictures."

"But something like? Come—a Venice view, with lots of moonlight, a gondola, and a nice big smudge of shadow in the left hand corner, with an assassin lurking there—eh? Something with a motive in it."

"La!" exclaimed Aunt Tabby, under her breath.

"I'll think it over and let you know," said Radcliffe, languidly. "At present I've got as much as I can do."

Which was unfortunately an indubitable fact, as our young hero was not yet strong enough to handle a mahi stick.

The dealer—no other than DeKaye in masquerade—retreated, grumbling.

Aunt Tabby's eyes scintillated joyfully.

"Harry," she cried, "you're on the high road to fortune! You certainly are!"

"I hope so, aunt," answered Harry, wearily.

Two other customers, apparently all eagerness, arrived during the course of the evening. One carried off the picture of a basket of luscious peaches upturned in a nest of hay; the other made a conditional bargain for a bunch of daisies in a slender green vase against a background of wine-colored draperies.

A delicate little supper of lobster croquettes, chocolate ann salad was served at eight, and Aunt Tabby went to bed, rejoicing in the luxurious apartment, with a stained-glass window and Florentine hangings, which Mr. DeKaye had vacated specially on her account.

"Why don't everybody turn artist?" said she to herself. It's a business where one can positively coin money. Harry has improved wonderfully, and that wife of his is the sweetest woman I ever saw!"

She stayed only two or three days in the Wycherly building. Aunt Tabitha Talbot always was a restless soul, and could no more abide in one place than the wandering south wind.

But when she went home she sent for a lawyer, and made her will in her nephew Harry's favor. Nor was it any too soon, for she died within three months.

"Poor Aunt Tabby!" said the young artist. "I only wish she could have lived to be as old as Methuselah. But now that she has no further use for her money, I must own that it comes uncommonly convenient to us—eh, Coquette?"

"Do you know, Harry," said Coquette, who was just writing a letter to invite her five sisters to come and visit her, "I've often questioned myself as to whether we did right in making Aunt Tabby believe we were so prosperous?"

"Could a man help being prosperous with a wife like you, Coquette?"

"Do hush, Harry! But I can't think it was altogether wrong when I recall the fact that that day seemed the turning point of all our fortunes, for you actually saw the necessity of maintaining a prosperous appearance, and so set to work with renewed energy. It was then that you conceived the idea of painting your remarkable picture, 'Washed up From a Wreck,' which netted us \$2,000, and with this your reputation as an artist was won, orders really began to come in after that. Everything went well."

"One thing is very certain," said he, "I never should have amounted to anything without, Coquette!"

LETTER FROM BILL NYE.
THE POLICE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLDS COMPARED.

I would very much like, with the reader's permission, to draw a few comparisons between the average policeman of New York, Paris and London, writes Bill Nye in the Chicago Herald. The native-born New York policeman says: "I don't care a dang who makes the law of the country, so that I kin knock off the naws av the men that violates them."

He is proud of the position. He would rather be the proud guardian of a beat than to be a foreign minister with a foreign congregation and only two donations per year. He also wears good-fitting clothes and is proud of his job. The American policeman, though at times the victim of insomonia, is the best-looking specimen of manhood, I think, of the three. I do not say this in order to stand well with the police of my own country alone, for I find that I am about as likely to be arrested in one country as another, but truth and justice demand that I should say honestly that the police of our own country stand at the head of their profession, also at the head of their victim, and looked better by a large percentage. This is especially true of our more thoroughly American policemen from Germany and Ireland.

Different nations give to the policeman peculiar emblems and peculiar methods. The New York copper carries a club which gets heavier as the sun goes down. The French policeman carries a short stab knife, with which he is supposed to neatly scoop out the Seth Thomas works of those who resist him, but I am told that there is no sword in the tin scabbard, only a dummy handle for style—just as B. Wall used to carry seven or eight different colored silk umbrellas covers in which he would insert his cane from time to time, thus apparently wearing an umbrella for each hour of the day at a great reduction of expense.

The London policeman carries a mysterious weapon which it took me all of one forenoon to fully understand the principle of. But I found out after a while. It was a long, black, shiny cylinder, hanging at the side and looking like a little juvenile cannon without a breech. Finally I got so curious I gave a large, corned-beef policeman thruppence to tell me about it. He then unrolled the gun and I saw that it was a kind of mackintosh made of oil-cloth to be worn when it rains, which it sometimes does in London, especially during what is called the rainy season.

The English policeman regards his office with a peculiar veneration, exceeded only by the awe with which he regards himself. His jaw is kept in place by a strong, black shiny strap which passes under the chin and prevents the mouth from falling open in such a way as to admit flies or other insects. The London policeman rarely speaks in any one, but the silent way in which he controls the carriages, cabs

and pedestrians, compelling nervous Americans to "keep to the left," when they have always been in the habit of keeping to the right, challenges the admiration of the civilized world and awakens a feeling of profound admiration even in the calm and padded bosom of the policeman himself.

And yet this same man is in a degree corrupt. With a shilling one may blunt the moral sense of a whole squad. With a sixpence you may select the style of indignity which you would like to present to one of them, not for the intrinsic value but as a mark of esteem.

I was at the opening of the trial of Mrs. Maybrick in Liverpool. The police guarded the entrance to the great court house where the pure juice was so soon to be squeezed from the ripe knowledge of an average jury instructed by a peculiar judge. I stood about, hoping to be drawn on the jury myself, but was unsuccessful. I could not conceal my intelligence, and so other men were chosen. If I had been on the jury I would have been there yet, I think. As I understood the case, it was a trial on the charge of willful negligence or adultery. If I am the wife of a man who eats arsenic between meals for twenty years and at the end of that time I find that he fails to get up for his breakfast, having during the night ascended the flume, and I am arrested, and thought it is not proved at all that I gave him the arsenic, it is shown that four years ago I neglected to pay my gas bill or wrote a poem on spring, am I to be hung for murder or scared to death in my cell, and then given a life sentence? I trust not.

But I was speaking of the police. I noticed this difference between the methods of policemen in the countries named. When arrested in London I was taken in the tender spot just above the elbow. In Paris the gen d'arme took me politely as one would take the arm of a lady who had threatened to be a sister to him. In New York the first time I was arrested, if I am not mistaken, the policeman took me by the rear of the coat collar and by a dexterous twist of the wrist asphyxiated me in a few moments so that I could see the heavens roll together like a scroll. I lost consciousness for a little time, and all was a blank. If I had not accidentally caught a reviving whiff of the policeman's breath I guess I would not have been resuscitated at all.

The Persian policeman, I must say, is inferior in his general appearance. So is the average French soldier. I used to wonder how France could maintain a large army while she was so poor and in debt, but I see it all now. She saves many millions of francs each year by making the tails of the coats of the military shorter as times get harder and also shortening the waists of the same. It has got so now that the two coat tail bottoms and the collar button behind are almost in a row. Added to that, the French soldier is getting smaller every year. If I had to fight in a real war I would rather be attacked, I think, by a French soldier in the short-tail coat and wide, red-cotton trousers than by any other adversary I can think of. They are not the kind of soldiers who sustained the remarkable supremacy of the Emperor.

The French policeman wears a navy-blue coat that fits him in a rambling and desultory way. He also wears linen trousers which should have tattling around the borders, but the republic is at present in such a chaotic and turbulent state that it is almost impossible to get the tattling appropriation through. These white linen trousers, costing, we will say, two francs f. o. b., that is to say, 40 cents free on board the cars, are the sole covering of the Paris policeman's legs. Hence he always has the air of a boy who has been recently chastised. He carries, as I say, a short sword or iron stab knife which adds some dignity to his otherwise apologetic appearance.

Some will say that I am severe to the French police, but, I reply, not so severe as he has been on me. What right has an officer to arrest me in a language which I do not pretend to understand and herald my name all through Europe without paying the slightest attention to the remarks which I made in the purest English of which I was master? I say, and I say it in stentorian tones, that no country except America can hope to be great which makes up her entire police force of foreigners.

In Ireland the police are also foreigners, but they speak very good English.

I was not arrested in Ireland. I bought a sprig of shamrock, however, and brought it home in a little flower-pot. I sat up nights to keep it alive, and watered it with my tears while ill on the ocean. But thank heaven it pulled through at last and is alive and growing on my country seat.

But it is not Shamrock. It is Clover.

And Mighty poor clover at that!

If the Irish relief fund is not so large this year as usual, the public will understand why it is thus.

Our jaunting car-driver was an Irishman. He was an extremely entertaining one also. Very polite and a good singer. He had the stars and stripes tied to his whip, and so he had a good many American dollars at the end of the year which he puts into pounds, shillings, and pence. He told me all about Ireland, so I know more about the matter than I ever did before, I believe.

Then I tried to get even by telling him about our glorious country. I spoke of the marvelous growth and wealth of the republic; also of our cordiality toward foreigners who desire to come here and vote our way as soon as possible.

Then I told him about the great agricultural resources of our country and the mighty cyclone of the West, which is able to pull an artesian well wrong side out like the finger of a glove, and leave it sticking nine hundred feet up into space like a sore thumb. I then spoke briefly but feelingly of the far West; the gold and silver and canned goods, wild animals and desperadoes, the high mountains, the wealth of timber, the rarity of the atmosphere, which enables one to easily see across an entire State, and which makes the bore of an ordinary revolver look like the Hoosac Tunnel. All these I told him about as we rode gayly along in our russet-colored jaunting-car, with Maud S. doing the pulling.

Maud S. is a bay mare of about middle age, with a green-grass style of embonpoint, as we say in France, which prevents her attaining a great velocity without training down a good deal.

After I had told the driver all I could think of he yawned a little, I thought, and said: "Yes, I am always interested in Ameriky, and shall be all my loif, for I lived in Montany eight years mesilf!"

I then spoke of the scenery through which we were passing. George W. Floyd bought a small flask of Irish whisky while we were on the old sod. I drank some of it on the way over here. I now see why Ireland feels that she has been grievously wronged. That is exactly the way I felt.

We also bought several shillalahs, sometimes called the original Home. They are made of black thorn, with a protuberance on the top, out of the root of the thorn. This nob rebounds from the head with great elasticity, so as to give several blows with only one propulsion, so to speak. This, combined with the popular beverage, seems to offer the best facilities in Ireland to spirited and earnest controversies over anything which may present itself. But seriously, the Emerald Isle seems to be more hopeful of peace and prosperity than for many years past, according to the authority of the best-read Irishmen, and especially of the clergy, among them the very Rev. James Hegarty, who was a fellow passenger, and who talked very cheerfully of the Irish situation at present, feeling, as he said, that it must very soon, and without serious disturbance, adjust itself to the satisfaction of everyone, with the exception of those, perhaps, whose opinions are not valuable.

Next to the policeman, the railway guard of the old country interests me. Having been accustomed to the clear, resonant and elocutionary elevated railway guard and his bright, crisp remarks about the stations as we pass along, I was ill-prepared to be fastened into a railway carriage by myself, with no conductor to converse with, no brakeman to bore a hole into the effete atmosphere with his cork-screw voice, no penannitor to come and lean a whole circulating library on my bosom or show me the scenery as he pointed out the beauties of our latest and most successful smutty novel fresh from the hands of its bright young schoolgirl author.

That is why I was carried past my station, and instead of Liverpool I turned up at Scotland Yard once, and at another time, in gazing up the

Thames, I found myself, after a little nap, at a station called Chester. Several times I was carried to the end of the road when I had intended to stop on the way, and I would have lost a good deal of time only that one can only go far enough away from London so that he will be able to get back in half an hour. If one should go further than that he would drown.

Most Densely Populated Spot on Earth.

This valley of the Ganges has more people than it can support and it is probably the most densely populated part of the world. The people live in villages and the average country town consists of one-story mud huts too poor and illy ventilated for American pig pens. You would not think of having such outhouses as the residences of the majority of this vast population would make, and in a large part of India, and especially in the best part of this Ganges country, the holdings average from two to three acres apiece. At four to the family this represents a half acre per person or 1200 persons to the square mile.

When it is remembered that these people live by agriculture it will be seen that this condition is far worse than that of China or any part of Europe. And still the people are bright. They are brainy, too, and you will find few sharper business men, better cut faces, and more polite people than these people of India. Their faces in this part of India have much the same characteristics as those of the Anglo Saxon. Those of the highest castes are more like those of the Greeks, and I see faces every day which, if the skin were white, any American might be proud to own. They belong to the same race germ as we do, and under the same training and Christian influences they would be strong competitors with us.

But what can a man do on six cents a day, or how can a man learn when he has to struggle to exist? The population of India is still increasing. England eats the lion's share of the products of the country, and though the people perhaps are better off under her Government than they have been in the past, it is the same old story of the wealth going to the rulers and the people working their bones to support the Governor-General of India, who, by the way, is the rich Marquis of Lansdowne, gets \$100,000 a year. Quite a contrast with the wages of the masses at six cents a day! Isn't it?—Chicago Tribune.

Wealth in Trust for Dogs.

The most extraordinary will ever made was probably made recently at Nashville, Tenn. Mrs. Mary Ann Schaub, an aged German lady, who has lived in Nashville for the past sixty years, died at her home in the northern suburbs of the city, where she has lived for nearly half a century. She had no relatives in the world of whom any one knew, and had surrounded herself by a number of dogs and cats. She had accumulated a handsome property, valued at about \$6000, and this she leaves in trust for two of her favorite dogs. The animals are of the common breed. She provides that a sufficient sum shall be reserved from her personality to maintain these dogs in comfort as long as they live, and especially orders bed and clothing for the occupancy of a young lady, whom she adopted some years ago and who is made secondary beneficiary upon the condition that she will live in the house and care for these dogs for a period of eight years. If at the end of this term her task has been dutifully performed, she shall come into possession of the entire property.—Chicago Herald.

One Way to Lay a Ghost.

"Bill Skimmings buried his father in a most unhandsome way very near his barn," said the man at the other end of the table. "The neighbors thought it was a shame, and made a good deal of talk about it. One of them thought he would punish Bill by scaring him, and laid in wait for him near his father's grave on a dark night."

"As Bill went by on his way from the barn the man rose up as if from the tomb and exclaimed in a ghostly voice: 'I'm your father, Bill!'"

"Who said you wasn't?" Bill answered. "Git down thar inter yer hole whar yer belong!" and he struck him across the face with a bridle he was carrying such a rap that the would-be alarmist carried the scars for months.—Levenslow Journal.

Providence Independent.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
COLLEGEVILLE, MONTG. CO., PA.
E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.
Thursday, October 31, 1889.
ELECTION DAY: Next Tuesday!
WHAT will Boyer's majority be?

Go to the polls next Tuesday and vote your own convictions—not merely the opinions of somebody else.

The Republican majority in Pennsylvania may reach 40,000 next Tuesday. Then again it may not reach 20,000. This is an "off year," you know, and "off years" are dangerous to the majority party sometimes.

We see it stated, with some showing of authority, that the forecast of the British wheat crop must be considerably discounted. The area under crop for 1889 is 2,540,720 acres, over 120,000 less than in 1888.

In his forthcoming report Secretary Tracy will, it is understood, urge upon Congress the adoption of some positive policy with regard to the various navy yards. He will probably ask Congress to open the yards for the construction or repairs of ships or the establishment of training ships with barracks for apprentices, or else close them entirely and dispose of the property and plant.

PRESIDENT HARRISON, Tuesday, appointed John Field Postmaster of Philadelphia, to succeed Mr. Harrity, whose term of four years ends in December next. It is probable the new postmaster will hustle out the old before the latter's term expires—civil service reform, or no civil service reform.

The new postmaster is recognized as being pre-eminently fitted for the position.

The New York World, Tuesday, printed a lengthy letter from its European correspondent, dated Florence, showing that James G. Blaine, when he wrote his famous letter of January 25, 1888, declining to allow his nomination by the Republican Presidential Convention in Chicago, did so by the urgent advice of his physician. He was then a very sick man, was paralyzed and speechless and was also suffering from intense melancholia.

The Philadelphia Times observes:—"It is an unusually fair day now that brings no additional failures among the woolen manufacturers or the dealers in wool. Of course, all these failures are blamed on the tariff, and rightly. But it is precisely the same tariff in behalf of which the wool trade was assessed last year, and which Mr. Quay so heroically saved. The Mills bill, was defeated. What would have been the probable effect on trade if it had become law? It could not have been worse. Might it not have been better?"

New York, with nearly two millions of people within sight of her big towers, and recognized as the great commercial metropolis of the Republic, has tried hard and managed to raise \$800,000 for the proposed World's Fair. Chicago, with little more than one-fourth the population and wealth of New York, has \$8,000,000 of money subscribed, and \$10,000,000 in sight. Chicago deserves the World's Fair. New York must put up in earnest and expend less wind. New York is like the boy who wanted the "penny and the cake, too."

WASHINGTON LETTER.
From our regular correspondent.
WASHINGTON D. C., Oct. 25, 1889.—Congressman Browne, of Indiana, who is in Washington so much of the vacation, has considerable to say of Congressional interference with elections. He says that the Congress of the United States has no doubt power to supervise Congressional elections. They are thoroughly natural and perhaps the only really national elections we have. The question as to what shall be done in this connection is full of difficulties. The law, whatever it may be, has to be enforced by State tribunals and the witnesses and everybody else connected with the case come from the community which is oftentimes in sympathy with the violator of the law. No statute can be enforced where the public does not desire to enforce it. Mr. Browne directs his fire against the Southern districts which have small voting on their general elections—the black districts. There are of course two sides to the case. Congressman Catchings, of Mississippi, says that the idea that the negroes of the South are sitting up nights waiting for a chance to deposit an honest ballot, is a mistake. He does not think that fifty per cent of

those in the districts that are overwhelmingly one way or the other, have gone to the polls in the last ten years. Negroes will pick cotton within one hundred yards of the polls and never quit to cast their votes, except such as are paid for going directly, and such bribery is seldom necessary, majorities being so large. The trouble is that the colored people of the South do not read the current literature of the day and have no conception of economic questions. For themselves they see no direct benefit to be reaped from political life, and they know that it now means simply who shall hold office. There was a time, in the sixties, when they were first freed, when to their minds their salvation depended upon voting the Republican ticket. They were packed about the polls, waiting eagerly to exercise their prerogatives. The lapse of time, peace and security, has brought a feeling of indifference. Thus, and much more, Mr. Catchings, and thus you see the fallacy of putting your trust in princes, especially if the princes be Messrs Brown and Catchings. It is a long way from Indiana to Mississippi.

Though it rained and blew and snowed here day before yesterday, the meeting of the National Board of Promotion of the proposed exposition in Washington in 1892, was an unqualified success. The meeting was called for noon, but long before that time, and long afterwards, delegates kept arriving, until the attendance was far in excess of even the most sanguine expectation. There were more than one hundred men present as delegates—representative men, governors, mayors, capitalists—from every state from Maine to California, from Dakota to Florida. It had been supposed that the spacious main parlors of Willard's Hotel, opened together, would accommodate the assembly, but so great was the crowd, that it was found necessary to hold the business meeting in Willard Hall. Among those present were Governor Biggs, of Delaware, Governor Fleming, of Florida, and Governor Jackson, of Maryland.

In his report to the promoters, Secretary Anderson was particularly happy and his presentation of the claims of Washington was most convincing. He called attention to the fact that there is already here the nucleus of an exposition that has already cost the government over \$50,000,000, and every year adds to the expenditure. This is the National Museum, the Capitol, the Patent Office, the Washington Monument and the various government buildings, with their stores of relics and treasures of art, and their exhibits of the practical workings of the government. These are practically an exhibit of themselves. To be sure, some of them could be loaned, as they have been in the past, but they could be only a part of all the attractions, and it would be better to keep even these permanently at the seat of government, rather than to further engage in the traveling show business of lugging these goods to expositions all over the country.

If an industrial or commercial city secures the exposition, it must be at the cost of her neighbors, for during the exposition she would receive the trade of the country. Washington is neutral ground. She has nothing to sell, no commercial interests to foster. Located here, the exposition would give the rival manufacturing centers equal chances for the Spanish-American trade.

Vacant Farms in Vermont.
A rather sad story is told by Mr. Valentine, a Vermont official, about the desertion of that beautiful State by its former inhabitants. Standing with other officials on a hill in Bennington County, and looking over the valley of the West River, a tributary of the Connecticut, they counted fifteen contiguous farms, of perhaps a hundred acres each, all fenced, and with dwelling houses and barns in at least tolerable condition without a single inhabitant. Beyond, toward the Connecticut, but hidden by the maple groves in the valley, were, as they know, fifteen more, also deserted, yet all well situated and still showing signs of their former fertility. Statistics show that a similar condition prevails all over the State. In Windham County alone are more than forty thousand acres of land, once cultivated but now deserted, and in the whole State the number of abandoned farms, complete with houses, fences, barns, and outbuildings, must be several thousand. Yet Vermont is one of the pleasantest, healthiest, most fertile, and most civilized States in the Union. In its river valleys is no malaria, while its hills are covered to the summit with vegetation. The reckless agriculture which has made portions of the South nearly barren has never been favored in Vermont, where a century or more of stock farming has rather enriched than exhausted the soil; yet the people who once found happy homes there have crowded into the towns, or have left the State altogether. In thirty years, from 1850 to 1880, the increase of population in Vermont was five per cent, while the population of the whole country more than doubled, and that of the adjoining State of Massachusetts increased by nearly eighty per cent. Not pretending to any ideas on political economy, we will not try to account for this strange condition of things, but it is certainly curious that a region so favored in climate and position should be retrograding so rapidly.—Amer. Architect.

A candidate for the Iowa State Senate is George W. Jones. He is the only man living who represented the Territory of Michigan in Congress, and the Territory of Wisconsin. It was he, chiefly, who secured the organization of the Territories of Wisconsin and Iowa.

Misunderstood.
Two little sand heaps by the sea, As much alike as pea and pea.
Beside one heap a little lad With serious eyes and all intent Upon his work, with patience had Moulded a mound and as I went Past him I mused what it meant. "A pie?" I asked. "A fort," said he.
Beside the other pile of sand There sat a tiny gold-haired maid; She patted with her baby hand The warm white hillock, and I said, "That is a noble fort you've made." "No 'tis a pie," she answered me.
We grown folks hardly understand The happy fancies children have. Busy amid the sea beach sand, That is washed white by many a wave; The boy would be a patriot brave, A housewife would his sister be.
—Harper's Young People.

A Burglar Wounded.
LANCASTER, Oct. 28.—Joseph Hoffman, a burglar, who was shot while trying to enter a house in Mount Joy, was brought to Lancaster to-day and placed in the hospital. He is suffering from a probably fatal pistol wound and may die. Early yesterday morning William Kuhns, who has a small cutlery store in his dwelling house in Mount Joy, heard a noise down stairs. He stole down and caught a man trying to pry open a rear window. The burglar did not see Kuhns, who went up stairs and secured a revolver, from which he fired two shots at the thief. Two hours later Hoffman was found lying in the street in a pool of blood. He was taken to a physician's office. It was found that the ball had entered his breast. It struck the heart, and glancing off lodged above the heart, where it yet is. Hoffman had been in Mount Joy for several days and it is believed that he is the man who tried to enter the Post Office early last week. He is a fine-looking fellow, about 35 years of age and speaks broken English. He claims that he lives in Lansdowne, Montgomery county. The authorities here have identified him as a man who served seven months in the County Jail for robbing the cigar factory of H. S. Eberly in 1885.

The salt industry in South Kansas is assuming majestic proportions. It is said that the salt taken up at Wellington, in that State, is the purest in the world. A dozen great salt plants are already in operation and others will soon be established. In a few years all the salt used for ordinary purposes west of the Mississippi river will probably be supplied by Kansas.

The prophet Job has been the indirect cause of a lively church row at Rockford Ohio. Professor Curtis, in a lecture before the members of the Presbyterian church in that place, asserts that it was ridiculous to suppose that any man so afflicted with boils like Job could compose his mind sufficiently to write the lofty poetical sentiments which are attributed to him. The congregation disagreed with this assertion, and now the two parties, the Jobites and the anti-Jobites, are fighting the matter out between them.

Philadelphia Markets.
PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 26, 1889.

FLOUR AND MEAL.	
Minnesota clear,	\$3 75 to 4 12
Pennsylvania family,	4 00 to 4 40
Patent and other high grades,	5 00 to 5 35
Best flour,	2 50 to 3 10
Feed,	\$12 50 to \$13 50 per ton.

GRAIN.	
Wheat—red,	77 to 93
Oats	27 to 29

PROVISIONS.	
Mess Pork,	11 00 to 13 50
Mess Beef,	7 00 to 8 50
Beef Hams,	15 00 to 16 00
Smoked hams, per pound,	11 1/2 to 13
Shoulders,	5 to 6
Lard,	8 to 10
Butter,	13 to 21
Eggs,	18 to 23

CATTLE.	
Milk Cows,	\$25 00 to \$45 00
Beef Cattle, extra, per pound,	4 1/2 to 4 3/4
" good,	4 1/4 to 4 1/2
" common	3 to 3 3/4
Calves,	3 to 6 1/2
Sheep,	3 to 4 1/2
Lambs,	4 to 7 1/2
Hogs,	6 to 6 1/2

HAY.	
Average prices for the week ending Oct. 26, 1889:	
Prime Timothy,	\$ 75 to \$5 100 lbs.
Mixed,	65 to 75
Straw,	90 to 1 00

STORE GOODS
—SELLING—
BELOW COST
Having sold the store property, the store stock on hand, embracing a
Large Variety of Goods
—WILL BE SOLD—
BELOW COST!
with a view of Closing up the business. As a consequence
GREAT BARGAINS!
Are offered. Don't miss the opportunity. Men's Boots selling at \$2.00. Gum Boots for Men and Boys, \$2.00 and \$2.50. Dry Goods and Hardware at astonishing prices.
Mrs. H. C. Schwenk.
Old Perkiomen Bridge Store Stand!
1837
WEBB'S UNPARALLELED OFFER
Until further notice I will make you
One Dozen Finest Cabinet Photographs for \$2.00.
Or Half Dozen Cabinets and a LIFE SIZE CRAYON, framed in 3 1/4 inch handsome gold frame (size 23 by 27 inches) all for \$7.00.
Our work is as fine as any in Philadelphia, and we guarantee you perfect satisfaction in every particular or no pay. This is an unparalleled offer. Come and see.
HARRY A. WEBB, Photographer,
3106m 112 & 114 N. 9th St., Philadelphia.

FOR SALE!
A fine brick residence in Collegeville, best location, everything in best repair. Apply to 253y- F. G. HOBSON.
FOR SALE!
A brick residence in Collegeville. Apply to 26ep H. M. HALTEMAN, Collegeville, Pa.
ANY FARMER
—DESIRING A GOOD—
PAYING MARKET STALL
Can now secure one in the Wissahickon Market House, Terrace Street, between Adams and Dawson Streets, (1/2 Square from Ridge Pike), Wissahickon, 21st Ward, Philadelphia.
WM. McFADDEN,
aui5.2m Proprietor.

Collegeville -:- Greenhouses.
Bulbs, Plants, &c., for Winter Blooming.
Our Bulbs are Very Fine, and Prices are Lower Than Ever.
HARRIS (Easter Lily) bulbs, extra large, 40c.; next size, 25c. each.
HYACINTHS—Single red, white and blue, 8c. each; 90c. per doz. Double, red, white and blue, 8c. each; 90c. per doz.
TULIPS—Superfine mixed, 40c. per doz.
CARNATIONS—Huzzes White, Grace Wilder (pink) and century (scarlet), extra large plants in pots, 25c. each; \$2.50 per doz.
OXALIS—Dwarf red, a decided novelty and free bloomer, 15c. each. Large yellow, 15c. each.
PRIMROSES—Chinese, nice plants, 20c. and 25c. each.
BEGONIAS—Now varieties introduced last spring, such as Didiema, A. Brunt, Argentina and Bertha Chateauguay, in 4 in. and 5 in. pots, from 20c. to 50c. each. These plants are worthy of place in every collection. For description see catalogue mailed free.
BEGONIAS—Thirty varieties of merit, from 8c. to 25c. each.
GERANIUMS, 40 varieties, from 10c. to 25c. each.
An excellent assortment of Palms and other choice plants for sale at low prices.
Visit the greenhouses and inspect the plants.
HORACE RIMBY,
Seedman and Florist,
3sep- COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

NEW DRESS GOODS!
Coat Cloths and Jackets.
—FOR THE—
FALL AND WINTER OF '89-90.
—AT—
Howard Leopold's, Pottstown.

WE HAVE FOR SOME TIME BEEN RECEIVING from the Leading Importers of New York and Philadelphia the Choicest Variety of High Grades of DRESS GOODS ever shown in Pottstown. Among them are
Finest French Serges at \$1.25 and \$1.50, in Plain Colors, and also in Handsome Plaids and Mixtures.
Fine French Henrietta Cloths in all the New Shades, 62 1/2c., 75c., 87 1/2c., 1.00 and \$1.25.
Fine English Henriettas, a yard and a quarter wide, for 50c.—a bargain.
New Side Band Cloths.
New Cloths in beautiful combinations of colors in Stripes and Plaids.
New Shades in American Cashmeres. Pure Wool Filling, at 10c.
New Double Width Cashmeres, worth 25c.; at 22 1/2c.
Elegant Styles in New Dress Gingham and Satcens.
New Choice Cloths for Spring Jackets in Colors and Blacks.
We have the best and finest line of JERSEY COATS for the price to be found in America. We had them made to order by a leading manufacturer, who makes both the cloth and the garments, and sells them to only large dealers and manufacturers.
Bottom Prices for Sheetings, Table Linens, Tickings and Towelings.

Howard Leopold,
POTTSTOWN, PA.
J. M. ZIMMERMAN,
Near Collegeville, Pa.,
—DEALER IN—
Milk, Butter, Cottage Cheese, &c.
Vegetables in Season.
Pure milk delivered every morning to residents of Collegeville and vicinity. Butter and cheese delivered Wednesday and Saturday mornings.
13sep3m

SALESMEN WANTED!
To canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock! Steady employment guaranteed. Salary and Expenses paid to successful men. Apply at once stating age. Mention this paper.
3oct3m CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y.

Dr. J. Bond Watt,
—ONLY—
Painless Dentist!
Extracts Teeth } Without
Fills the Most Sensitive } PAIN
PRICES VERY MODERATE.
WILL BE AT ALDERFER'S HOTEL EVERY FRIDAY.

MAGGIE MACGREGOR,
DRESSMAKER,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.,
Will take work at home or can be engaged by the week. \$110
RUPTURE
—Thousands have been permanently cured by—
DR. J. B. MAYER'S ARCHST
—Easiest and most successful operation—
of less time from business. Cases pronounced incurable by others cured. Send for Circular. CURE GUARANTEED. One Hour's Time.

THE LARGEST
Assortment of Goods!
EVER OFFERED IN
TRAPPE!
We are constantly receiving New Goods, and have the largest assortment ever offered before.
DELAINES, CHALLIES, GINGHAMS, PRINTS, AT BOTTOM PRICES.
—OUR STOCK OF—
CLOTHS and CASSIMERES
Was never More Complete.
TABLE LINENS and NAPKINS, TOWELING, HOSIERY, GLOVES.
MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS!
In Complete Variety.
Special Bargains in Ladies' Misses' and Children's Shoes. Men's Fine Shoes! Men's Plow Shoes!
Large Stock of Summer Hats!
Queensware, Glassware, &c., Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Paints, Hardware, &c., &c.

GROCERIES:
Always the best. Choice Evaporated Peaches, 10c.; Prunes, 6c.; Canned Corn, 6c.; Canned Tomatoes, 5c.; Raisins, Apricots, Currants, cocoanuts, &c., &c. Headlight Oil, 12c. per gallon.
Beaver & Shellenberger,
TRAPPE, PA.
JUST THINK OF IT!
A DEMOREST SEWING MACHINE
FOR \$19.50.
(USUAL PRICE \$55.00) with all attachments. Money refunded if not as represented.
Direct from the manufacturers the
Snag - Proof Gum Boot!
No better made; every pair warranted to give satisfaction. Full stock of
Frederick's Celebrated Hand-made Shoes.
Our ladies' \$1.68 buttoned kid shoe has no equal. Fine kid infant shoes only 35c.
DRY GOODS:
Remnants of Canton flannel, 2 to 15 yards, only 10c. yd. Would cost you 12 1/2c. if cut from piece. Calicoes of the best quality for quilting, 8c. yd. Fast color gingham, 4 yds. for 25c. Cheviots, good, 4 yds. for 25c. 4 yds. toweling for 25c. An elegant feather bed ticking, 15c. yd. All-wool bed blankets, very cheap, \$2.95. Horse blankets from 75c. to \$3.00. You should see our 38c. Cassimeres, half-wool. Quilting cotton, 10 to 15c. lb.
HATS AND CAPS—Latest styles gents' stiff and soft hats for fall and winter. An elegant Derby hat for \$1.50. A good every-day wool hat for 25c. Large assortment of neckwear, underwear, &c. A big drive in 28 inch umbrellas, 75c. Zellerville hand-knit jackets are here at \$2.50 and \$3.00.



—GROCERIES!—
Have the finest line of table syrup in the market. Extra No. 1 fat new mackerel and mackerel in buckets, \$1.30. Fine white fish, 6c. lb. Pure white wine vinegar, 25c. gal. New York full cream cheese a specialty. Try a pound of Liberia Coffee, 32c. Extra fine flavor Rio Coffee, 25c. 157 Beautiful patterns of Oil Cloths at 55, 65, 85 and 95c. yd. 2 yds. wide. Always on hand fresh cement, calcined plaster, drugs, oils, paints, &c.
W. P. FENTON,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.
21feb

GREATEST BARGAINS
—IN—
Store Goods!
EVER OFFERED IN TRAPPE.
Dress Goods, Muslins, Calicoes, Gingham, Cheviots, Table Linens, &c. Cassimeres, Cottonades, Gents' Furnishing Goods! Hats, Caps, &c. and the
Largest Stock of Shoes
For Men, Ladies and Children, of all kinds, to be found in any country store, and in quality and price we take the lead. Men's Brogans, \$1.00. Shoes for Ladies and Men from \$1.25, up to \$5.

Queensware
Crockerware
Earthenware, Hardware, Forks, Rakes, Shovels, Spades, &c.
—THE BEST—
FRESH GROCERIES
IN FULL ASSORTMENT.
Good Rice, 4 pounds for 25 cents; Peaches, 3 pounds for 25 cents; good Corn, 3 cans for 25 cents. No trash kept in stock.
F. B. RUSHONG,
TRAPPE, PA.

AT GOTWALS' STORE,
PROVIDENCE -:- SQUARE,
You will find just about what you want.
IN THE LINE OF STAPLE DRY GOODS
You can see over 500 different styles and qualities for Men and Boys, which will be made up to please anyone. Full guaranteed. SATTEENS AND GINGHAMS, PRINTS AND LAWNS, FOR THE LADIES.
Choice - Groceries - for - Everybody.
Save 50 per cent. by buying Sewing Machines at Gotwals' Store, Providence Square. I sell the Favorite, the best in construction and most easily operated. It runs very easy, and is adapted for tailor work as well as for the dresses. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. HARDWARE for the builder. A full line of the very best Mixed Paints, (a guarantee sold with every gallon,) and in fact anything you want from a needle to an anchor. Come all and examine our goods for yourselves. Yours very truly,
JOSEPH G. GOTWALS.

COLLEGEVILLE DRUG STORE.
—Winter is Approaching and Every Family Should—
Lay in a Supply of Culbert's Remedies!
TO BE PREPARED FOR ALL EMERGENCIES.
Cough Syrup, for Colds, Croup, Hoarseness, &c. Dintment for Sprains, Bruises, Rheumatism, Burns, &c. Worm Syrup, Safe and Effective. Cream of Camphor for Chapped Hands and Face. Liver Pills for Biliousness, Constipation. Bird Seed, Mixed and Plain.
(We mix our own seed, and therefore can give you the best obtainable in the market.)
Pure Spices and Flavoring Extracts. Genuine Imported Castile Soap.
JOSEPH W. CULBERT.

NEW STYLES are especially prominent in the great quantity and the splendid variety of our collection of
LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S
CLOAKS, -:- MANTLES -:- AND -:- WRAPS
Without making any special opening, the stock is now complete and ready for inspection. It contains the latest and most fashionable garments, that are perfect in workmanship and style. The sizes and patterns are so complete that a fit is assured and the proper style ready to meet your taste. The prices are as varied as the garments, but in every case the price is as low as such well made goods can be bought anywhere. These are some of the patterns and styles in detail:
HANDSOME BRAIDED GARMENTS in black and colored heavier cloth. TIGHT-FITTING NEWMARKETS in various materials and colors. OUR SPECIAL SEAL PLUSH COAT at \$29 we claim passes all rivalry that we have seen. Will you examine it!
CLOTH MODESKA, direction front, tight-fitting vest, trimmed with passementerie. CONSUMABLE AND PEASANT CIRCULARS in all colors of cloth. LOOSE FRONT VEST JACKETS in all colors of heavier cloth and trimmed with braid. LOOSE-FITTING NEWMARKETS in all colors of heavier cloth, elaborately braided and finished with ornaments.
TIGHT-FITTING NEWMARKETS in direction style, plain finish. MODESKA STYLE of seal plush with ornaments. SEAL PLUSH WRAPS, quilted satin lining, trimmed with passementerie and seal ornaments. CLOSE-FITTING NEWMARKETS with coat back, and braided front and back to correspond. SEAL PLUSH JACKETS quilted satin lining and seal ornaments. PEASANT CLOAKS in fine imported plaids and stripes in medium weight goods. CLOTH WRAPS handsomely braided and trimmed with cord fringes. We have the largest stock of MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S COATS and NEWMARKETS ever displayed in Norristown.
CHILDREN'S AND MISSES' GARMENTS, SHORT COATS, NEWMARKETS, GRETCHEN and DIRECTOIRE COATS, &c.
In such great variety that it is not wise to try to enumerate them. After buying a coat be sure to ask for one of our beautiful chromo souvenirs of this season's display in our coat department.

I. H. BRENDLINGER'S
Leading Dry Goods, Trimmings and Carpet Store,
76, 78, 80 and 82 Main St., Norristown, Pa.
—AT NO PERIOD OF—

Weitzenkorn's business life have the popular dealers shown a disposition to make their way through commercial life tramping on the corns of competition. If, therefore, what is said in this announcement should cause consternation in the ranks of the clothing dealers of this town, blame us not, for it is but the strict truth.

OUR aim has always been and will continue to be, not to discourage, vanquish and sweep out of existence our rivals, but to attract and delight the purchasing public. To-day we have much pleasure in saying we are thoroughly
Prepared for Fall Business!

Prepared with a stock of Men's Fall Suits and Overcoats, Boys' and Children's Clothing, Fall Furnishing Goods, Fall Hats and Caps, unequalled in this country; Bargains in every department of the store that will

—Pale Face All Rivalry!—
We are prepared and will SAVE YOU MONEY on any garment or article you buy of us. Our 25 years of experience have taught us exactly what the people of this section of the country demand, what pleases them and what prices they are prepared to pay. Who, then, we ask, knows how to cater to you better than we do? As sensible people think our remarks over, and we're content to abide by your judgment. Our East Window is chock full of entirely new things for Fall. Prices are lower than we have ever named them. That means a great deal lower than anybody else will.

A. Weitzenkorn & Sons,
Pottstown's Foremost Clothiers.

THE COLLEGEVILLE
Meat & Provision Store
A Full Line of Fresh and Smoked Meats always on hand.
Hams, Shoulders and Dried Beef by the piece or chipped, and Bologna. 157 Fresh Vegetables in season.
Give me a call.
J. WESLEY GOTWALS.
Wm. J. THOMPSON,
—BUTCHER, AND DEALER IN THE BEST—
BEEF, —
VEAL, —
—MUTTON, —
Visits Collegeville, Trappe, and vicinity on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings of each week. Thankful to the public for past favors he invites continued patronage. Highest cash price paid for calves.
WM. J. THOMPSON,
LOWER PROVIDENCE, PA.

J. W. ROYER, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
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Office at his residence, nearly opposite Masonic Hall.

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Office Hours:—until 9 a. m., 7 to 9 p. m.

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Homeopathic Physician,
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Office Hours:—Until 9 a. m.; 1 to 3 p. m.; 6 to 8 p. m.

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DENTIST!!
311 DEKALB STREET, NORRISTOWN, PA.
Branch Office: COLLEGEVILLE, Monday and Tuesday. Gas administered.

Cheapest Dentist in Norristown.
N. S. Borneman, D. D. S.,
209 SWEDER STREET, First house below Main St.
NORRISTOWN, PA. (Formerly of Boyertown.)
The only place where Pure Nitrous Oxide (Laughing Gas) is made a specialty for the painless extraction of teeth. Artificial sets from \$5 to \$10. English and German spoken. ap18

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Attorney-at-Law,
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C. TYSON KRATZ,
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Philadelphia business also attended to.
RESIDENCE: Lower Providence Township, 12aply

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Land Title and Trust Co. Building, Nos. 608 and 610 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
Room 23. Take the Elevator. Dec. 17, 1yr.

A. D. FETTEROLF,
Justice of the Peace
COLLEGEVILLE Pa.
CONVEYANCER and General Business Agent.
Will clerk sales at reasonable rates.

JOHN S. HUNSICKER,
Justice of the Peace,
RAHN STATION, PA.
Conveyancer and General Business Agent.
Clerking of Sales attended to. Charges reasonable. 27jan-

JOHN H. CASSELBERRY,
(1/4 mile north of Trappe.)
Surveyor and Conveyancer
Sales clerked; sale bills prepared. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.
Nov5-6m. P. O. Address: Grater's Ford.

J. P. KOONS,
Practical Slater!!
RAHN'S STATION Pa.
Dealer in every quality of Roofing, Flagging, and Ornamental Slates. Send for estimates, and prices.

L. B. WISMER,
Practical Slater!
Collegeville, Pa. Always on hand roofing slate and slate flagging, and roofing felt. All orders promptly attended to. Also on hand a large lot of greystone flagging.

CHAS. H. DETWILER,
Veterinary Surgeon & Dentist
(GRADUATE OF THE ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, TORONTO, CANADA.)



Dentistry a Specialty.
Symptoms are tossing of the head, tongue rolling, drawing on one rein, frothing at the mouth, discharge from the nose and eyes, abnormal growths, &c.
Diseases of all Domesticated Animals treated. Particular attention given to Lambs, Horses, and Hens. Castration of Horses and Colts. Special attention given to Surgical Operations. A first-class supply of Medicine always on hand. Telephone, Collegeville Exchange No. 1.
Office and Infirmary at my father's residence, near Rahn's Station, Ironbridge P. O.

W. M. PEARSON,
Auctioneer,
PHOENIXVILLE P. O., Pa. Residence: Near Black Rock, Upper Providence, Montg. county, Pa. Will do my best to fill every engagement in a satisfactory manner. 19jly

EDWARD DAVID,
PAINTER and PAPER-HANGER,
COLLEGEVILLE PA.
Samples of Paper
Always on hand.

W. M. CRATER,
Paper Hanger,
WITH W. H. BLANCHFORD, COLLEGEVILLE, PA. Over 1000 pieces of paper and border in stock to select from. All the latest styles and novelties. Come and examine the stock. 20jly

MUSIC!
LESSONS WILL BE GIVEN ON THE
PIANO and ORGAN
On or after September 1st, '88, by
MAY H. ROYER, Trappe, Pa.

DAVID BROS.,
Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters.
Offices: { 1224 N. 10th St.
 { 2816 Germantown Avenue,
Country work a specialty. PHILADELPHIA. 28mtr
Estimates furnished.

JOSEPH STONE,
CARPET WEAVER
COLLEGEVILLE HOTEL,
(Formerly Beard House.)
Rag Carpet woven to order in any style desired. Satisfaction guaranteed. Good Rag Carpet for sale at reasonable prices.

SCRAP IRON!
Cash prices paid for Scrap Cast Iron, delivered at the foundry: Machine cast, 50c. per 100; stove and plow cast, 25c. per 100; wrought scrap, 35c. per 100.
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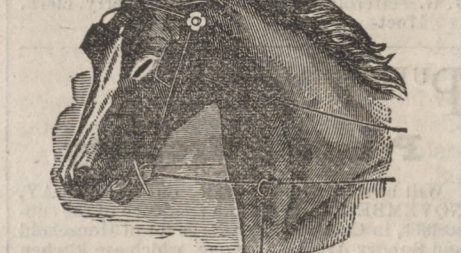


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Providence Square Harness Shop!
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A FULL LINE OF ALL KINDS OF—
HORSE -- GOODS,
Including blankets, lap covers, whips, fly nets, &c. A full stock of collars always on hand, and all kinds of the best harness manufactured at short notice. Ordered work and repairing will receive prompt attention. 27janly

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A FULL STOCK OF
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Horse Goods
Always on hand.

New Harness of every description made to order of the best material promptly. Good stock and good workmanship guaranteed. No matter what you may want in the line of harness or horse goods in general, I can furnish you with the same at right prices. Light and heavy Collars, Whips, Blankets, Horse Covers, Fly Nets, &c., &c.
Repairing of Whatever Description
Promptly and neatly done. Favor me with your orders.
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MRS. S. L. PUGH.
TRAPPE, PA.
Attends to laying out the dead, shroud-making &c.

Department of Agriculture.
CAN FARMERS AFFORD THE BEST?

Can the farm provide of its best for the family table and also be profitably conducted on the surplus? This is a question frequently asked, but rarely answered. Too many farms are run on the principle that the best of the produce must be marketed and the residue consumed at home. It is certainly false economy to feed frozen or decaying vegetables to either family or live stock. If a crop has suffered, the first loss is the least; get the bad portions quickly out of the way and guard another year against a like loss. On dairy farms where butter is made at home, no second grade of quality can be pardoned; the competition is now so keen that only top prices remunerate the dairy farmers; therefore the family should have the best butter in the land. When poultry are bred and fattened for market purposes, the owners should literally feast on fat things. On a poultry farm, lean chickens, starved turkeys, and flabby ducks, together with gaunt geese, should be unknown. When Spring chickens are worth fifty cents per pound and early ducks fetch twenty-five and thirty cents per pound, a fat capon worth twenty cents per pound can grace the home table. There is no wisdom in meanness at home, and placing on the market an inferior article, because such is more readily produced. A high standard for everything produced makes home more cheerful and swells the profit at the close of the year. Good land well cultivated, good stock well kept, and the farm home liberally supplied, tend in themselves to enrich the farmer and advance the widest interests in the community.

STARTING A BLUE GRASS PASTURE.

Waldo F. Brown, a noted Ohio farmer and prolific writer on rural topics, says the way he started his pasture was by sowing one bushel of blue grass seed to the acre, and at the same time seeding heavily with a variety of other grasses and clover. The blue grass made no show until two years later, but has been improving ever since. The last piece of blue grass on his farm was started by cutting sods at the roadside and chopping them into pieces about two inches square, which were dropped from a basket about two feet apart, and stepped on to press them in the soil. This was on land just sown to oats. These pieces grew to the size of dinner plates the first year, and in a few years crowded out all other grasses and formed a complete sward. Mr. Brown believes that, taking one year with another, a field of blue grass pays better than any other crop, and, at the very least, ten acres out of every hundred ought to be occupied with it.

RYE, CLOVER, SHEEP: ROTATION.

If a farm is running down and the owner getting poor, there is no rotation which will turn the tide in his favor than the one mentioned above. The land is plowed in August, and rye, at the rate of five pecks to the acre, is sown. In September we sow timothy seed, and March sow a liberal supply of clover, which germinates very early, and by August is in the height of its glory. Then the sheep are turned in and the plot of ground will not "run down" unless overstocked. When this sheep pasture is plowed up and planted to corn, a wonderful change will be noticed. Two crops of corn, one of oats, then back to rye, clover, and sheep again, completes the rotation.

PROGRESS OF BEET SUGAR.

Already more than half the world's sugar is derived from European beet root. Science, chemistry and mechanical skill have combined to transfer the habitat of a prime necessity of life from the tropics, where only it was supposed it could be produced, into the northern latitudes. Science has shown the way to prepare the soil for it, has overcome all the mechanical problems necessary to the extraction of the sugar, made its cultivation profitable, and given employment to tens of thousands of wage earners, and all this within the last twenty years. The future of this great industry seems almost boundless in its possibilities.—Chicago Tribune.

GOOD USE FOR HOUSE SLOPS.

If you save all the slops from the house, the wash water, and suds of sundry occasions during the week, you will find that you have a supply of nutrient at hand to draw upon which is far richer than you have any idea. It will not make a poor soil permanently rich, but it will afford sufficient nutrient to nourish such plants as you grow in it during the summer in a very satisfactory manner. We planted some annuals on a stiff clay that had been thrown out of a cellar. We

watered them regularly with suds and slops, and they surpass in growth and floriferousness those grown in the garden.—E. S.

The horses on some of the stage routes in Nevada are trained to wear snow-shoes. After an animal becomes used to them he can travel four or five miles an hour where it would be impossible to get that distance in a week without them. The shoes are made of thin steel-plate, and measure about nine by eleven inches. The horses are shod with long heel calks, which go through the snow-shoes and prevent their slipping going up and down hill.

It is well to remind turkey-raisers that it is not the large turkeys that bring the highest prices, but those of medium size and in good condition. The large turkeys will excel in weight, but the smaller, plump, fat turkeys sell at higher rates per pound. The quality and condition are the prime factors. Begin feeding the turkeys in the barn yard, and give them all the grain they will eat.

The amount of honey to expect from a hive cannot be estimated by the number of bees in the colony, but upon the advantages possessed by the bees for working. During long spells of wet weather the bees can do no work, nor can they fill the combs unless they have ample opportunity upon which to work. There must be bloom of some kind or there will be but little honey.

Fruit trees cannot thrive on all kinds of exhausted soil. The tree will make a growth of leaves and wood on poor land, but they require mineral manure to perfect the fruit. Land that has been too rough for plowing may yet have spaces between the rocks where fruit trees will thrive, and it is better than land that has been exhausted by long cropping.

The best points of a dairy cow can be seen when the cows are at their best, and then is the best time to make your selection, because in the aggregate the farm stock has paid should not be satisfactory. It is important to know not only which kind of stock but also which animals pay the largest per cent. of profit.

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A Full Stock of all Other Kinds of Feed.

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SUNDAY PAPERS.

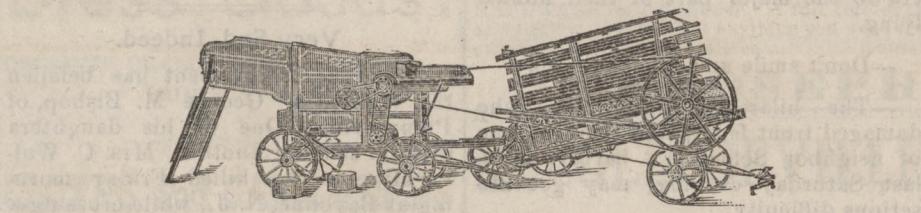
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HENRY YOST,
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